Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

MACHINE LINED UP AGAINST VICTOR.

The representatives of the Republican political ma chine, of Kansas, had a conference, in Topeka, last Sun-Cyrus Leland, Morton Albaugh, Frank L. Brown, and Charles S. Jobes constituted the coterie. The purpose of the meeting was for mapping out a program for the Seventh district convention, which convenes day The Capital is authority for the foregoing stateas to intent and purpose, but painfully racked in its efforts to arrange the details which should result in the

Mr. Jobes returned to his home in Kansas City Sunday evening. Albaugh left for Great Bend, to be followed later by Leland, Brown, Morris, Morgan and other prominent members of the organization. The machine, it is Judge Price's old judicial district, with something of a hold on McPherson. The chances are that upon their arrival on the ground the bosses will find their machine creaky in many joints, with a number of hot boxes, and somewhat disabled generally. There will be quite an allotment of new but not of inexperienced brains in that convention, also factors unprovided for, and contingenconvention till Saturday, will, in the opinion of the Eagle, fall down. A majority of the members of the convention will get a second choice trend on during Wednesday, and the man will be named before or by Friday morning.

WHAT ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY SAYS.

The man who sunk the Spanish ships in the Bay of Manila, and bluffed Commodore Dietrich, and who, later maneuvered in the Caribbean Sea in a way that made the hair on the Kaiser's blockaders stand up, was sent for by Roosevelt the other day for saying that the Kaiser's officers saw that he had them holed. In speaking of the er he had emphasized some points. He said: "A bat is an enormous floating blacksmith shop, and the erican is not so finely educated that in case he should se his officers he could not finish the battle alone."

The German, both in the army and navy, is educated to look to his officers for instruction in the smallest mat ters, and cannot proceed in an emergency without them. Admiral Dewey therefore believes that the German navy that the men do not begin to compare in education and intelligence with the Americans. Admiral Dewey says canal, but let the enemy sink a single ship in the middle aval affairs that those who have had no practical experience behind the guns are apt not to think of. Dewey evidently does not think much of Germany's naval pretensions, but very possibly the Germans do not think much of ours.

Admiral Dewey pays the men of the American navy resplendent compliment. "If every officer on a United ates warship should be killed in action," he says, "the sted men-the men behind the guns-could fight the p to victory. I know our men, and I know that state nt is absolutely true. It is not true of any other navy. Now listen for the mighty chorus: "You do us proud,

MORGAN, THE MILLIONAIRE MERGER.

If it is true that the Vanderbilt system of railways that of the Pennsylvania have been combined by gan, and true that as a big stockholder in the Frisco Rock Island systems he is at the bottom of the coming of the Rock Island, Prisco and Santa Fe, then it ogically follows that the merger will represent nearer orty than twenty thousand miles of road or a value of least \$2,400,000,000. The mere contemplation of such aralyzing effect. These systems combined reach from he Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the president will all sleep under the same roof that night. Gulf twice over. Can it be that the intention is to uns crowd turned Socialistic promoters? What they are This movement, says the Cleveland Leader, toward complete consolidation of the railways of the United s will immediately gain such a momentum that the cinlists will be greatly encouraged, everywhere. They that the moment competition, of the genuine and us kind, ends in the railroad business of America, mand for government ownership will be strengthmore than it could be in a quarter of a century of o rivalry. Monopoly is what makes converts for to anybody for the asking. arty which aims at one vast combination, one comnion of all business interests under the control of Tovernment, with all the people owners of the proconsolidation. No other monopoly is so conspicurailroad monopoly. No other can effect public idiplomacy; strategy, not fight, wins the victory.

opinion so directly and profoundly. The radicals who aim at an entire change of the industrial and social organization of the modern world are finding the Morcans, the Hills and the Harrimans their best missionaries

THAT OLD LONG PRICE-LYNCH FEUD.

The fact of Price's candidacy for Long's late place revives the story of an old short-grass country feud in which three young Republicans were struggling to become the political factor par excellence of that section. was thought that it might be possible because of the now almost forgotten scramble that Senator Long might possibly take a hand in the present contest to the extent of inserting some plugs in Price's machine. This will not happen. Undoubtedly the senator has a preference, or would prefer some one before others. But he will take no part whatever, it is said. The history of the old fight as recited by C. S. Jobes is as follows:

"Some of the congressional candidates in the Seventh district are trying to stir up trobule between Senator Long and Frank Price in order to cripple Price," said Harry L. Bone. "But they will not succeed. Long and Price are on friendly terms now. Their old feud has passed into history. In fact it is ancient history, and so ancient that it cannot be dragged into this contest."

The story of the Long-Price feud, however, is interesting, even though it is ancient history. Price was a state senator from the southwest during the Humphrey administration. He resigned to be appointed district judge of a new district created at that time. The district was composed of Meade, Clark and Comanche counties. The senatorial district took in those three counties, and Harper and Barber besides. Long came out as a candidate to succeed Price in the senate. Emerson of Meade also became a candidate. So did George Finch of Harper.

Price had to play in with Emerson because he had to have Meade county's help to win the nomination for judge the next time. Meade instructed for Emerson. Clark declared for him also. Long got Comanche and Barber. Harper instructed for Finch. Long didn't like from Clark county-Price's old home-and caused Price the way Price performed, so he got up a rump delegation trouble at the senatorial convention. Finally Price won out on the contest. This started the trouble,

About 1,000 bailots were taken and the convention was deadlocked. Emerson gave his men the tip that he was out of it and asked them to go to Finch. The roll was called. Barber voted for Long. Clark voted for Emerson. Comanche voted for Long. Harper voted for Finch. When Meade, the last county on the list, was reached it dropped Emerson and voted for Finch. Then Clark changed its vote for Emerson to Finch. This nominated Finch.

Pandemonium broke loose and Finch was being congratulated on all sides for the victory. C. S. Jobes, now president of the American National bank of Kansas City, headed the Harper delegation, which was instructed for Finch. After quiet was restored Jobes demanded a poll of the Harper delegation-Finch's home delegation. It was taken. To the surprise of everybody enough Harper delegates changed from Finch to Long to nominate Long. Finch's own delegation, including Jobes, had gone back on him after he was nominated.

This nominated Long. For many years after that convention Long and Price were bitter political enemies. But time has erased the feud, and Long, so Bone says, will not attempt to punish Price at the Great Bend con-

IMPORTANT FREIGHT RATE DECISION.

The United States supreme court, says the Chicago Chronicle, recently decided a railroad traffic case which settles an important interstate commerce principle. The decision is one of the most important in judicial history. In effect it nullifles the powers of state railroad commissions. The case originated in Arkansas. The railroad commissioners of that state established rates for railroad traffic between various points within the state. These rates were held to apply to a railroad which ran into other states, although the points between which the He thinks rates were established were wholly within the state of Arkansas. Jurisdiction of this purely state traffic was claimed by the interstate commissioners on the ground that it passed over interstate railroads. The federal supreme court sustained this claim. If a railroad runs across state lines, if it enters or crosses two or more states its purely local freight and passenger traffic comes under the jurisdiction of the interstate commissioners. This decision brings under United States control the traffic on milk trains, the little freight shipments between points in the same state, the short trip passenger traffic and all the local business of railroads running in two or more states. Nothing of railroad transportation is left under state supervision, for all the existing railroads run in more than one state. The state railroad commissions are put out of business. For some reason this case has escaped public comment. It was delivered on March 13 at a time when other important events were monopolizing public attention.

"NO TRUSTS IN HEAVEN.

Dr. John Bascom, for thirty-three years one of the faculty of Williams college, and a venerable New England educator, says that there are "no trusts in heaven. and that he cannot see how it is possible for the Chicago university to receive money from Mr. Rockefeller, knowing how it was obtained, without becoming his accomplice, and "standing in with him." Dr. Bascom does not feel quite that way toward Mr. Carnegie, although he does not think he ought to have been given so much protection. Dr. Bascom evidently seems to think that charity and honesty should sustain an intimate relation-

Anent the nonsensical demand of Kansas prohibition papers that the warship "Kansas" be christened with water, a former Wichitan writes us from Chicago suggesting that the spilling of wine over either the prow or the stern of the vessel ought to be highly satisfactory to Kansas Prohibs. He farther suggests that Carrie Nation be selected to do the smashing, who no wouldn't stop short of wasting a car load of the stuff.

Having had much experience recently with royalty abroad, Governor Francis of St. Louis anticipates no serius difficulty when he entertains President Roosewell wast, of such an almost incomputable interest has a and ex-President Cleveland together at his home, on the accasion of the dedication of the world's fair. It may be that one president, one ex-president and one next

It is not generally known that the last legislature load on the United States for bonds? Has Morgan and onacted a street sprinkling law. When the residents of a side street, or any street, petition for sprinkling, the city council must accede to it and pay the bill. The cost ing but strengthens the party and claims of Socialism. is taxed up against the property. The law applies to cities of the first and second class.

> President Roosevelt, of course, would take off his hat to Mrs. Mary Ellen Phegley of Roots, Ill., who was married when she was 16 and at the age of 28 is the mother of sixteen children.

The new Pennsylvania railroad station in New York will settle all disputes as to which is the largest station in the world. It will be twice as big as any other.

The south polar continent is believed to cover an

area nearly as large as Europe. And land there is free What with her water works and her whisky works and the demand for a "dry" mayor, Topeka is having a

Success in politics is not encompassed by war, but by

A PASSION IN MID-OCEAN.

upper deck, wrapped in my rug and try-ing to penetrate the blackness ahead. For a time I was alone. Then I heard the voices of a couple who came near me, out evidently were not aware of my

man. "You are not a man, you are a beast. Why did I ever think you were handsome? I married you simply became I thought you were handsome. But you are a brute, and I hate you. I will disappear one of these days and you may look for me, if you care to take the trou-ble, in the bottom of the sea."

I felt rather than perceived by any sense of sight the burley form of a re-ined man of the world, one of those har-lened, bluse masculine beings who looked on women as chattels, though they are much too polite to say so except by their treatment of their wives and the girls they rain. This man was slient. Silence evidently seemed his best refuge.

ed about and walked down the deck. Half an hour later the woman returned alone, creeping stealthily along, looking on evside to make sure she was alone. I nained unperceived. She leaned over rail meaning almost inaudibly. At last I saw her place her foot on the lower rail as if to reise herself. Just then the captain sent a flashlight over the deck and she drew back. I could see her figure perfectly in that momentary light. She was young and slim and sen-sitive—I saw her face and loved her from light. She was young and slim and sen-sitive—I saw her face and loved her from that instant, though I knew she was a married woman, rich and lavishiy dressed. painted. While it lasted his hearers were Suddenly she saw me and started to scape. But I checked her. I pretended o know her. We had met at the capto know her. We had met at the captain's table. I drew her down beside me in a vacant deck chair and covered her with my rus. She was sobbing, and she saw I noticed it. She guessed that I had saw and heard all. But she said nothing:

The saw and heard all is see that the said nothing.

The saw and heard all is a see that the said nothing is peech, and liked to display them. It mattered little that they had done duty mattered little that they had done duty on the said nothing.

They were sure to recur. Often only in her silence I seemed to see that she knew, and I funcied that in my ten-derness of manner I told her that I symputhized and understood and forgave and

place, my ear caught a strange swish and rush of water, as of another ship not far away; and then through the fog and the gloom there suddenly loomed up, like a black ghost, the outline of the Sea Breeze with her main sail set. "Oh, God!" I cried, helplessly, starting

to my feet. Without thinking what I was doing, without a moment's reflection of any kind, I turned and clasped the woman in my arms, as if those feebl rms could protect her for a moment gainst the death that was upon us. As the two great ships crashed together with an awful shock and the sea rose in a cloud of darkling foam, we two were thrown headiong from the deck of the Willimatic to the deck of the Sea Breeze. But no sconer had the two ships struck and crushed each other than they bound-ed back like two bulls that have met in the fury of a duel, and the ocean seemed to roar in fiendish glee at the grist of death that was to be hers. When the vessels started forward once

more they sheered off and passed by without meeting, almost deck to deck, and seon were a hundred yards apart. The Sea Breeze was sinking and the captain cried. "All hands save themselves."
So over went the boats in such a hurry that two were lost, but more of the sailors seized spars or anything that would float and made the best of their way into the sea in their endeavor to get far enough away not to be sucked down in the vortex of the sinking vessel. The captain passing and seeing a strange lady whom he evidently did not recognize, handed her a life preserver and told me I would find another in a deek box just forward. I followed his directions, and two minutes later I seized this wife of another man in my arms and slipped down a rope into the strangely calmed tain cried. "All hands save themselves down a rope into the strangely calmed I was a strong swimmer, and when

was brave and followed my directions si ently and with determination. For an iour or more we floated as easily as possible on the sea that was calm except for the steady swell. One after another every sight or sound of human beings passed from the range of our vision The for was lifting and the tiny rippling waves. look on us coldly and with no ray of

while with our free arms we guided and supported ourselves in the water. Per-haps our lips met, but I think not, for they never would have parted. I was happy, strangely, wildly, awfully happy (I knew no other word for my feeling, for if mingled with the sense of death and lisaster that opprossed us both.) And she—she was quite calm; the passion of distress and unhappiness had passed away and the awful loneliness had not begun to weigh upon her as it had on In the early gray of the morning we

perceived one of the empty boats that the sallors on the Sea Breeze had lost. Slowly making our way toward it we managed fter a time to climb into it at the stern; nd there we found water and provisions ould; then crept nearer each other till we sat close wide by side, and looked over the wide sen in the full light of the morning. How endlessly the water stretched in every direction. How idly in air! We were in mid-ocean; would we ever reach land? Would we find a rescuer? What hope of either in this limit-ess watery waste? But these questions ess watery waste? But these questions tid not oppress us. We were glad of the waste, we were even glad of the death that in all probability would be ours. She was a wife and only in such a desert

All day we sat hand in hand, talking, talking, talking of all that had been and all that could never be. This seemed our And when the night came we drew

six days this heavenly paradise of was tempestuous and tossed us high into the air in its wild arms, only the next moment to suck us into its inner bosom, and we clung to each other for very dread that the next moment would be our last and again in the mosalight we only rocked, with the dark arch of heaven above
us and the dark breast of the rippling

wan beneath. At the end of six days we sighted a small salling vessel that attempted our rescue. The sea was running high and it was hard for us to come pear enough. First they took the lady of my dreams bound; then a great wave carried us far apart. They must have thought the naves had swallowed me up, for slowly I saw them draw out of sight over the

horizon far away. A few hours later I was picked up by

and Love from that day to this, and never heard a word from her. But that dream of passion has lived in my memory like the vivid brand of a flery fron, and experience that ever can be mine again

THE OLD-TIME PROFESSOR.

No doubt you remember the great ocean disaster of 18—, when the Willimatic crashed into the Sea Preceze, and sent that bark to the bottom of the Atlantic, while seh herself was abandoned by passengers and crew, after floating for forty hours. I was a passenger on the Willimatic, and besides the experience of the sea bath I had a sentimental experience which i doubt if I shall forget even after death.

The Willimatic had made half the distance from New York to Liverpool. I had been seasick, but was recovering, and sat alone on the forward end of the upper deck, wrapped in my rug and trying to penetrate the blackness ahead. For instance guardsman is to the

"Conceive him if you can, The Oxfordised young man, This very delectable, high, respectable,

Scholar and gentleman." The old professor had none of the us virtues. He is reproduced here from regretful memory as the type of a school which is now no more than a tra-dition. He settled down in the professional chair in the midtime of his years sional chair in the mindline of his years. His qualifications were not too curiously scrutinized. He had a long line of distinguished predecessors behind him-philosophers, divines, economists, who had sent a sound across the world. It troubled him little. He was there, and there he would remain until the hand of death removed him.

removed him. A striking and venerable figure always-the professor of the old school. "Well set up for his years" was the respectful whisper of the street as he strode in the teeth of the sharp north winds that part-

"The lists of such a beard as youth gone

Had left in asnes." He was a finished orator. The art of oratory is lost in these latter days. In this respect the old professor was as un-like his donnish successor as he was un-like him in all else. The lecture was a transported, felt, in fact, as if they were before. They were sure to recur. Often they were unduly extended. Occasionally they were mixed. Sometimes they were even absurd. At length they became the subject of sundry pleasantries. Some of his pupils were profane enough to ridi-cule them. Once they said of him that he began a metapher on Monday and cot tinued it till Friday, when it reached majestic conclusion after a flight of fiv days. And one day a notice was placed on his door by an unmannerly hand announc-ing as the subject of a forthcoming lec-ture. 'The Pendulum of Thought and its ture, "The Pendulum of Thought and its Oscillations in the Eight-Day Clock of

Modern Speculation."
It is right, perhaps, to register the remark with which the cautious Herodo-tus used to wind up his tales of men with one eye and women with one breast. "These things have I heard; but for my own part I know not if they are true." He was the friend of great men, and he was proud of his great men, and loved to speak of them. It is graceless work to chronicle his faults, if the Professor's innocent vanity was a fault. But he was not less loyal on that account. He would invite his pupils to his house. While they sat drinking tea he strolled about the room and repeated his conversations with Browning. He had once been Tennyson's guest and he read extracts from his corguest, and he read extracts from his cor respondence with "dear Newman." He knew everybody that was worth knowing —even the American president—and every-

monitions to play golf and study the New Testament in the Greek, and above all to No word passed between us; but she go early to bed after twenty minutes exercise with a Latin grammarian. Th monitions were seasonable enough, for the Professor's eye used to rest mourn-fully upon one man in particular who passed most of the hour in deep and placed slumber, and who in his waking moments committed many crimes against the Latin syntax.

Once he requested a somewhat back-ward pupil to speak to him at the end of the hour. The student was a lean and hungry-looking man, who had sacrificed much in pursuit of learning. Looking at him sternly for a moment, the Professor nquired roughly and unexpectedly 'What do you take to your dinner, sir?' The man replied in some amazemen that he usually took soup. "Soup?" thun-dered the Professor, "Rubbish, sir! rub-bish! Eat beef, sir!" Ad before his pupil could collect his bewildered wits the Professor had thrust a pound note in-to his hand and vanished. The closing scene of the winter session was always a memorable one. It was Prize Day, and the doors were thrown open to all who cared to enter. Long before the Professor appeared the room was red with scarle gowns. It was a monochrome in scarlet Sutside boomed the March winds. whistled and shricked through the co the men who were taking their last leave of the old university. But high about the wind rose the chorus of song A the Professor entered and slowly moun ed the platform the song changed into a

"Behold, how good a thing it is, and how

tiently till the close. For thirty years he had witnessed the same seene. Thirty had witnessed the same seene. Thirty years ago he could have bravel the storm without and queited the tempest within. But he stod there for the last time. He distributed the prizes one by as a wife and only in such a desert books were the same as he had always uld she love and I love as our hearts given before. Boswell's Johnson and some olumes of his own authorship. He made presents where he could give be It would it must end in a few after, and found to be only the index But it was laid reverently on the shell closer still and our lips united in one long seen new faces give place to old, and old smbrace. Ah, this was love indeed. I to new. They had stayed for a little while she did not tell me. Now at any rate, now he too, had passed. He was not a Blackle, or a Chalmers, or a Geddes, his without his like there would have been few such. His converts to sound learning were many. and it is reaped late—long after the somer has had his day. The old Professor be-lieved in turning out men rather than edi-

> Lawrence Gazette: There are nineteen candidates for congress in the Seventh district, and of the nineteen there are three who are large enough for the place, Victor Murdock who is too big, because he knows enough to run the best paper in the west: Judge Frank Price, and Tom Noftager. Senator Tom Nottiger. The convention will be beid this week, and some scrub will get the nomination. If this guess is wrong, the Gazette will take off its hat to the Big Seventh and apologize.

Dorothy-Aunt Jo, what is the best way to tell a gentleman's fortune?

Aunt Jo-Look him up in Bradstreet's
If he lan't there, his fortune's not worth

To hold the mirror up to Nature doesn't

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At q a. m. today, pair.... የተቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀ

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Account of the Seventh District Republican Congressional Convention.



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